

ford, Stratford, Sarnia, Selwyn, St. Thomas, Thedford, Whitby Town, Wingham, Wyoming, and Whitevale.

Hoping that what I have written may be helpful to some of you, and that we may all be faithful to the trust that has been committed to us.

Yours in the work,

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Human Sacrifice to "Devi," the Goddess of Blood.

At the village of Karda, Nagpur, India, may be seen the shrine of the goddess Devi. This goddess is a favourite object of worship by the villagers, who repair to her in every time of difficulty.

The Rev. John Douglas gives the following account of his recent visit to this goddess of blood :-

"On reaching the shrine, we found that the priest had gone to work in his fields. We got as near as was compatible with the sanctity of the place. It consists of a small square space, enclosed with a low mud wall, and covered with a layer of withered branches, supported at the four corners upon poles. In the centre is a stone pedestal, profusely bedaubed with red paint; on which, I suppose, the goddess sits in state when giving audience to her petitioners. At one corner lay a large pile of mutilated images of mud horses. Judging from their number, the goddess would seem to have a special liking for this kind of offering. At another corner was a trident, which, with the ground round about it, was drenched with blood. Here the victims, which consist chiefly of fowls, are slain and presented in sacrifice. Within the past few weeks Devi has received a more costly sacrifice than any that has been offered to her for more than half a century. I can vouch for the truth of the tragic story. The shrine, although it is now the village oracle and held in great veneration throughout the neighbourhood, was at first built by a private individual as a tribute of thanks giving to the goddess for the worldly prosperity he had received from her. This man had a daughter, his only child, of whom he was exceedingly fond. When he went to the field she used to accompany him, and play under the shade of a tree while he was working close by.

One night, not long ago, he dreamed that a well known sage, who lived in that district many years ago, came to him, and said, 'Devi is displeased with you, because you have not shown sufficient gratitude for the blessings with which she has loaded you, and she will not be propitiated unless you sacrifice to her your little daughter.' The distressed father replied, 'I cannot part with my child, but I shall give her the most costly goat that I can procure.' The sage departed, and returned after a little, saying, 'Devi refuses to accept a goat from you. She will be pleased with nothing but your daughter.' A terrible struggle took place in his mind between paternal affection and what he conceived to be the will of Devi. The goddess had the highest claim. Her command must be obeyed. Having come to this decision, he prepared for the sacrifice. The little girl was playing with a cousin not far from the house. Her father taking her by the hand said, 'Come with me; I am going to sacrifice you to Devi.' She did not understand the meaning of the terrible words, and laughingly accompanied him to the shrine. On the way he picked up an axe, and, upon reaching the devoted spot, with two strokes of it severed

the head from the body. Soon after he was found kneeling before the shrine, wrapt in devotion, with the bloody offering before him. He was arrested, brought to trial, and sentenced to death; but strong sympathy is being felt for him, and a strenuous effort made to obtain a commutation of the sentence. The result has not yet been heard."

The Rope of Three Strands.

When our Society was just born, Andrew Fuller represented heathenism as a deep, and dark, and dismal pit, and asked the question, "Who will go down into the pit?" Carey looked up with a happy smile, and said, "Brother, I will, if you will hold the rope." Now, we want you to hold on to the rope; that is not enough, we want you to have some more ropes, with men at the end of every one of them, and a woman, too, at the end of some of them; and we want you to see that the rope you have is a strong one, made of three strands, well twisted together. We want heart-felt sympathy for the heathen as the first strand—such sympathy as Christ our Master felt when he came into this lower world and placed his heart alongside of ours, all throbbing with loving sympathy for us in our misery and woe. We want you to feel Christ-like sympathy in your hearts in a larger measure. Then we want your earnest prayers for the second strand in the rope. We want your sympathy to find expression in earnest believing prayer. "Why, we do pray for Missions." Yes, but I think you do not pray often enough for Missions. We want you to pray every day for them at the throne of grace. Then there is another strand we cannot get along without. We want a great deal more money. Now, if you take those three strands and twist them well together, depend upon it they will be strong enough to do the work, but not otherwise. It is no use to say, "We feel the sympathy and give utterance to that sympathy," unless we put something on God's altar. I have thought that we get down on our knees sometimes and say, "O Lord, bless the missionaries, bless the mission, give it success, Lord," and if the Lord were to speak in an audible voice, He would say, "Asking me to bless! what shall I bless? Put something on My altar and I will bless it; I never bless nothing; I always want something to bless." Now, we have put something there, but the question is, have we put enough of it there—have we placed enough on God's altar to make us feel it, or have we given just what we can spare? That is no sacrifice. God wants us to give until it pinches us, and when He sees we have made some sacrifice for Him and His work, and have laid much on the altar, God then hears us cry to Him for a blessing, and "He will command the blessing, even life for evermore."—*Rev. E. C. B. Hallam, of Allahabad, at Exeter Hall.*

Prince Sardan Herman Singh, heir to one of the richest provinces in Northern India, has been converted to Christianity. This will require him to renounce his claims to his princely estates, but, like Moses, he esteems the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of his principality.

Prayer is the rope up in the belfry; we pull it and it rings the bell up in heaven. So said Christmas Evans.

You cannot repent too soon, because you know not how soon it may be too late.—*Thomas Fuller.*